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LA DEE DA ON THE STREETS

Last Thursday night, the Roxy sold out the house with a gnarly rock show to benefit the **Sea Shepherds**. **The Red Hot Chili Peppers, X** (with very impressive guitar work by new bandmember **Tony Gilkyson**), **Thelonious Monster** and **L7** all played their fannies off for endangered sea mammals. L7, who had been on the show's bill for weeks, were suddenly bumped at the last minute because Roxy sound man **Gary Hirstus** heard from misguided sources (namely some jealous female types) that they were a punk-rock anarchy band that screamed into their mikes, but **Don Bolles** (who is producing the band's first studio project at **West Beach Recorders**) rushed their demo tape to the Roxy so the management could hear for themselves. They approved, and L7 rocked out with their bad selves. This was the most fun show of the year so far, and it also netted lots of dough for a good cause. Heavy metal men from **Ratt** and **Motley Crue** were there to rock, in addition to the likes of **Alain Johannes (What Is This)**, the luverly **Gigi Blair**, former **Dead Kennedys** drummer **D.H. Pellegro**, **Hesitations** honey **Mary Mullen** and even the editor of this doo-rag, **Jay Levin**. **Thelonious Monster** had the pleasure (?) of two guest guitarists — **Mike Martt**, who horsed around, and **Hal Negro** (replacing **Chris Handsome**, who is following his heart to romantic Roma). Backstage, an elitist group of nobodies had Roxy proprietor **Mario Jr.**'s permission to hog the upstairs balcony ("This is *our private party* and you better leave!"), earning some onstage contempt from Monster-man **B. Forrest** (more on this one later). **Kevin Staton** (who's just become engaged to Pepper drummer **Jack Irons**) did a fine job organizing this event, and she hopes that others like it will follow.

Some guys can't get no respect in this town. Local architecture critic and general bon vivant (as well as former rock-critic mentor) **Richard Meltzer** was trying to read his poetry to a rad crew at the **Lhasa** last week, when an unappreciative crowd of Hollywood p-rock has-beens had to impress their friends by being as obnoxious and rude as possible. Champion of the Underdog B. Forrest thought to quell the noise; unfortunately, his intoxication level made his display even more disruptive than that of the hecklers. When Meltzer took offense at all this sandbox activity, Mr. Forrest got bent out of shape and took a swing. Fisticuffs and scuffling ensued, and both poet and blues dog have the battle wounds to show for it. A more than physically injured Meltzer is reconsidering his future as a club poet.

The upstairs gallery at **The Soap Plant** had another wild opening last Friday night, this time for artist **Norma Jones**. Wild thangs like **Chuckie-Poo** of **Faith. No More** showed that they didn't care at all about drunkenly bumping into people like proud parents **K.K.** and **Trudie** (with their junior, **Beau**), **Demolition Gore Galore**-y singer and primal **Afro Sister Kayle** (who was being a cigarette girl for the night when not enthusing about his band's gory new record release), musical experimentalist **Tom Recchion**, party favorite **Tomata Du Plenty**, **Romans Juan and Michael, Neely O'Hara**'s proprietor **Tra La La** (who's moving her club de scandal to **Girl-Talk** on South La Brea soon) and a cast of every Melrose Avenuer who ever haunted the street in the pre-Flip days (strictly ancient history, you know). The less-than-ancient entertainment was provided by gallery proprietor **Robert Lopez**, who did an uncanny simulation of a barrio *vato* (he even grew a goatee for the occasion) while reading poems about *la raza* (he's Hispanic, you know, so let's not hear anyone bitching about Latino stereotyping), and pop artist **Tim Smith**, who outdid Jonathan Richman at his own sincere game, with back-up vocals by the "Tim-ettes" (**Alice Armendariz, Jane Wiedlin** and **Annette-ette**). But the high point of the evening was another appearance by that glamourous interpretive jazz dancer cum comedienne **Summer Caprice**, who not only did a chillingly accurate impersonation of **Billie Holiday**, but also showed she's strictly spiritually contempo by displaying her new amythest crystal (while asking astrally correct **Chase Holiday** if it was "clean enough yet"). Ms. Caprice will display her capricious talents tonight (Thursday) at the **Limbo Lounge**, where she will be joined by the one-and-only **Phranc**. This ought to be something to write home about.

The Beastie Boys were in town last weekend, but you don't need us to tell you that. They played the Palladium, which had sold out the show three weeks earlier, with **Fishbone** and **Murphy's Law**. The great surprise of the evening, as you also probably know, was when **Run-DMC** came on stage — the house exploded, rocking to rap greats like "My Adidas" and "Walk This Way." Unfortunately, someone tried to walk away with **Jammaster Jay**'s Adidases, but even this momentary pall couldn't put a damper on the most overhyped (and superenergized) event of the season. Everyone, and we do mean *everyone*, was there. Supposedly even **David Bowie** and **Madonna** showed up. (Rumors that she'll be opening for the Beasties' next tour were unconfirmed at press time.) The after-show party was crawling with scene-makers like **John Casack**, the ever foot-loose **Kevin Bacon, Matt Dike**, and **Anna** and **Pam Turbov** of **Performance** (where most of the party animals adjourned after the show).

Plastic Passion resumed last Saturday night at the infamous Palmetto location. This was the last time a late-night venue will happen here, because the owner sold the place to a new chump . . . er, proprietor. There was a black-and-white theme, with big, black voodoo faces decorating the walls. **Captain Sensible** and other friends from **The**

Modi Frank

Hey handsome, wanna date? Lame Flame Iris Berry relaxes in a porno store while being filmed for Modi Frank's new Little Kings video.

Damned, Billy from the Limbo Lounge, **Killing Joke** drummer **Paul** and his sweetie **Leslie McCaskey**, Cee Farrow and entourage, **Solomon** (the main honcho behind the latest happening spot, **Shake Shack**, which is on Thursdays at **Osko's**), **Salomon** (**Lunch Club**, another Thursday-night nitery) and the Beastie Boys, with their manager **Lyor Cohen** (the only Israeli we know who sounds like he grew up in a Bronx ghetto — word up!), were all chillin' and illin'.

This Saturday night, Valentine's Day, will feature Cupid shooting his little arrows straight into the pink heart of **White Trash Au Go-Go**. Some lucky guy will be the recipient of a date with the **Lame Flames** — that's one guy, three gals, one date. (Make sure you have *lots* of stamina.) The beloved entertainment will come from **Loved Ones, Love Razors**, (what, no **Lovedog**?), **Pirates of Venus**, and **Tex and the Horseheads**. (No, they're not breaking up — at least not this week.) There will also be an erotic love boutique, complete with prizes. Get ready to work on your love jones.

For those who prefer a more artistic milieu to au-go-going in a trashy cave, **LACE** is putting on "Lust 4 Lace," a humongous extravaganza featuring miniperformances by dozens of fave raves, including **Tim Miller, Brian Grillo, Carmaig DeForest, DEVO**'s **Mark Mothersbaugh, Glen Meadmore, Perpetua, Fat and Fucked Up**, and oodles of other trained-dog acts — er, we mean performing artistes. The DJs will be **Stella**, riding in on her streetcar named desire, and **Chief Lapu Lapu** from **Mecca** (the club, not the holy land, the former to be resurrected on Feb. 28). All this wild and woolly action goes to benefit LACE, so don't ask if you're on the guest list, even if you *are* a friend of **Mark Wheaton**. (Inside joke — don't worry about it.)

Another way to spend your Valentine evening would be to go to **X=Art** to hear **Death Folk** (featuring **Pat RuthenSmear**, who is currently producing **Bulimia Banquet**, in addition to germinating his own solo album with producer **Mike Watt**), **Universal Congress Of** (with the aforementioned Mr. Watt and some of the jazzoid **Saccharine Trust**-ees), and possibly **The Yvonnes**, who will also play an X=Art benefit at the Lingerie this weekend, since this sweet little club must move on to either greener pastures or a bigger loft. Be there, or suffer a fate worse than death. It should be quite a joyride!

From the interesting people behind this conflict of interests,

Joyride Jones,
Eva Destruction and **Dave Reckoning**

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